

THE
EMPEROR OF THE MOON.

A DIALOGUE-PANTOMIME,

Written by Mrs. Behn; K

WITH ALTERATIONS,

AND THE ADDITION OF SEVERAL

AIRS, DUETS, AND CHORUSES,

Selected from other Compositions;

AS PERFORMED AT

THE PATAGONIAN THEATRE.

LONDON,
Printed by and for T. Sherlock, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden.

MDCCCLXXVII.

THE

INTERIOR OF THE MOON

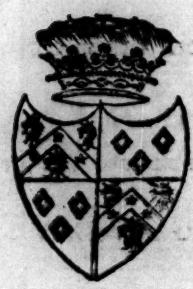
BY JAMES H. HARRIS

Author of "The Earth as It Is"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

JOHN H. HARRIS

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Doctor.

Cinthio, in love with Elaria.

Charmante, in love with Bellemante.

Keplair, } friends of Cinthio and Charmante, assuming
Galileus, } those names.

Scaramouch, servant to the Doctor.

Harlequin, servant to Charmante.

Clerk of the roads.

Officer.

Elaria, daughter } to the Doctor.
Bellemante, niece }

Mopsophil, their governante.

SCENE, N A P L E S.

T H E

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

The Doctor.
 Clotilda, in love with Elvira.
 Charmante, in love with Belmonte.
 Raphael, friend of Clotilda and Charmante, assisting
 Gallina, their nurse.
 Scaramouche, servant to the Doctor.
 Harlequin, servant to Charmante.
 Clerk of the court.
 Officer.

Elvira, daughter }
 Belmonte, niece } to the Doctor.
 Raphael, their servant.

SCENE, NAPLES.

T H E

EMPEROR OF THE MOON.

A C T I.

SCENE, a Chamber.

Elaria discovered sitting; Mopsophil waiting.

Elaria. [Air from Cymon.]

THIS cold flinty heart it is you who have warm'd,
You waken'd my passions, my senses have charm'd;
In vain against merit and Cinthio I strove;
What's life without passion—sweet passion of love?

The frost nips the bud, and the rose cannot blow;
From youth that is frost-nipt no raptures can flow,
Elysium to him but a desert will prove;
What's life without passion—sweet passion of love?

The spring should be warm, the young season be gay,
Her birds and her flowrets make blithsome sweet May,
Love blesses the cottage, and sings thro' the grove;
What's life without passion—sweet passion of love?

This does not divert me;
Nor nothing will, till Scaramouch return,
And bring me news of Cinthio.

Mops. Truly I was so sleepy last night, I know nothing of the adventure for which you are kept so close a prisoner to-day, and more strictly guarded than usual.

B

Elaria.

Elaria. Cinthio came with musick last night under my window; which my father hearing, sallied out with his myrmidons upon him, and clashing of swords I heard; but what hurt was done, or whether Cinthio were discovered to him, I know not; but the answer to the billet I sent him just now by Scaramouch will give me intelligence.

Mops. And see, madam, where your trusty Roger comes.

Enter Scaramouch, peeping on all sides before he enters.
You may advance, and fear none but your friends.

Scar. Away, and keep the door.

Elaria. Oh, dear Scaramouch! hast thou been at the viceroy's?

Scar. [*in heat.*] Yes, yes.

Elaria. And hast thou delivered my letter to his nephew don Cinthio?

Scar. Yes, yes; what should I deliver else?

Elaria. Well—and how does he?

Scar. [*fanning himself.*] Lord, how should he do?—Why, what a laborious thing it is to be the go-between for young lovers!

Elaria. Why, well he should do.

Scar. So he is; as well as a night-adventuring lover can be: He has got but one wound, madam.

Elaria. How! wounded, say you? Oh, Heavens! 'Tis not mortal?

Scar. Why, I have no great skill; but they say it may be dangerous.

Elaria. I die with fear! Where is he wounded?

Scar. Why, madam, he is run—quite thro' the heart. But the man may live, if I please.

Elaria. Thou please? Torment me not with riddles.

Scar. Why, madam, there is a certain cordial balsam, call'd a fair lady; which outwardly applied, to his bosom, will prove a better cure than all your weapon or sympathetick powder—meaning your ladyship.

Elaria.

Elaria. Is Cinthio then not wounded?

Scar. No otherwise than by your fair eyes, madam; he got away unseen and unknown.

Elaria. Dost know how precious time is, and dost thou fool it away thus? What said he to my letter?

Scar. What should he say?

Elaria. Why, a hundred dear soft things of love, kifs it as often, and blefs me for my goodness——

Scar. Why, so he did.

Elaria. Ask thee a thousand questions of my health, after my last night's fright——

Scar. So he did.

Elaria. Expressing all the kind concern love could inspire, for the punishment my father has inflicted on me, for entertaining him at my window last night——

Scar. All this he did.

Elaria. And for my being confin'd a prisoner to my apartment, without the hope or almost possibility of seeing him any more.

Scar. There I think you are a little mistaken; for, besides the plot that I have laid to bring you together all this night—there are such stratagems a-brewing—not only to bring you together, but with your father's consent too—Such a plot, madam!

Elaria. Ay, that would be worthy of thy brain! Prithee what?

Scar. Such a device——

Elaria. I'm impatient!

Scar. Such a conundrum!—Well, if there be wise men and conjurers in the world, they are intriguing lovers.

Elaria. Out with it!

Scar. You must know, madam, your father (my master, the Doctor) is a little whimsical, romantick, or Don-Quick-sottish, or so.

Elaria. Or rather mad.

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Scar. That were uncivil to be supposed by me; but *lunatic* we may call him, without breaking the decorum of good manners; for he is always travelling to the Moon.

Elaria. And so religiously believes there is a world there, that he discourses as gravely of the people, their government, institutions, laws, manners, religion, and constitution, as if he had been bred a Machiavel there.

Scar. True, my dear mistress; but pray, how came he thus infected first?

Elaria. With reading foolish books.

Scar. Ay, this reading of books is a pernicious thing. But to the business: I went, as you know, to Don Cinthio's lodgings, where I found him with his dear friend Charmante, laying their heads together for a farce.

Elaria. A farce?

Scar. Ay, a farce; which shall be call'd, *THE WORLD IN THE MOON*: Wherein your father shall be so impos'd on, as shall bring matters most magnificently about.

Elaria. I cannot conceive thee; but the design must be good, since Cinthio and Charmante own it.

Scar. In order to this, Charmante is dressing himself like one of the Caballists of the Rosycrusian order, and is coming to prepare my credulous master for the greater imposition. I have his trinkets within to play upon him, which shall be ready.

Elaria. But the farce; where is it to be acted?

Scar. Here, here, in this very house; I am to order the decorations, adorn a stage, and place scenes proper.

Elaria. How can this be done, without my father's knowledge?

Scar. You know the old apartment next the great orchard, and the worm-eaten gallery that opens to the river; which place for several years nobody has frequented; there all things shall be acted proper for our purpose.

Enter

Enter Mopsophil running.

Mops. Run, run, Scaramouch; my master is conjuring for you like mad below: He calls up all his little devils with horrid names—his microscope, his horoscope, his telescope, and all his *scopes*. [*Exit.*]

Scar. I go, I go.—Oh, I had almost forgot: I have great instructions to give you and madam Bellemante; so you must contrive to meet me in a corner, as soon as I get released from our morning's lubrications.

Elaria. I will; my curiosity will enforce that; for this suspense is insupportable.

[*Air from the Chaplet.*]

What med'cine can soften the bosom's keen smart?

What Lethe can banish it's pain?

What cure can be met with to sooth her fond heart,

That's banish'd the sight of her swain?

When to the pale moon the soft nightingales moan,

In accents most piercing and clear,

"You never sing sweetly," I cry with a groan,

"But when my dear Cinthio is here." [*Exit.*]

SCENE, a garden.

Enter the Doctor, with various mathematical instruments hanging at his girdle; and Scaramouch, bearing a long telescope.

Doctor. Set down the telescope.—Let me see; what hour is it?

Scar. About six o'clock, Sir.

Doctor. Then 'tis about the hour that the great monarch of the upper world enters into his closet. Mount, mount the telescope.

Scar. What to do, Sir?

Doctor.

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Doctor. I understand, at certain moments critical, one may be snatch'd of such a mighty consequence, as to let the sight into the secret closet.

Scar. How, Sir! peep into the king's closet? Under favour, Sir, that will be something uncivil.

Doctor. Uncivil? it were flat treason, if it should be known; but thus unseen, and as wise politicians should, I take survey of all: This is the statesman's peeping-hole, through which he steals the secrets of his king, and seems to wink at distance.

Scar. The very key-hole, Sir, through which, with half an eye, he sees him even at his devotion, Sir.

[*A knocking at the garden-gate.*]

Doctor. Take care none enter!

Scar. [*looking out.*] Oh, Sir, Sir! here's some strange great man come to wait on you.

Doctor. Great man? from whence?

Scar. Nay, from the Moon-World, for aught I know; for he looks not like the people of the lower orb.

Doctor. Ha! and that may be. Wait on him in.

Scaramouch goes to the door, and introduces Charmante, who is dressed in a strange fantastical habit, and followed by Harlequin.

Char. *Doctor* Baliardo, most learned Sir, all hail! Hail from the great Caballa of Eutopia!

Doctor [*saluting him*]. Most reverend bard, thrice welcome!

Char. The fame of your great learning, Sir, and virtue, is known with joy to the renown'd society.

Doctor. Fame, Sir, has done me too much honour, to bear my name to the renown'd Caballa.

Char. You must not attribute it all to fame, Sir; they are too learned and wise to take up things from fame, Sir; our intelligence is by ways more secret and sublime:

sublime: The stars, and little demons of the air, inform us all things, past, present, and to come.

Doctor. I must confess the count of Gabalis renders it plain, from writ divine and human, there are such friendly and intelligent demons.

Char. I hope you do not doubt that doctrine, Sir, which holds that the four elements are peopled with persons of a form and species more divine than vulgar mortals: The fire, for instance, with salamanders; the water with nymphs; the earth with gnomes or fairies; and the air with sylphs. Ah, Doctor! were you but initiated among the Caballa—

Doctor. Ay, Sir! what virtues or what merits can accomplish me for that great honour?

Char. An absolute abstinence from carnal thought, devout, and pure of spirit, free from sin.

Doctor. I dare not boast my virtues, Sir: Is there no way to try my purity?

Char. Are you very secret?

Doctor. 'Tis my first principle, Sir.

Char. And one the most material in our Rosycrucian order.—Please you to make a trial?

Doctor. As how, Sir, I beseech you?

Char. If you be thoroughly purg'd from vice, the opticles of your sight will be so strongly illuminated, that, glancing through this telescope, you may behold one of those lovely creatures that people the vast region of the air.

Doctor. Sir, you oblige profoundly.

Char. Kneel then, and try your strength of virtue, Sir.—Keep your eye fix'd and open. [*The Doctor looks in the telescope.*]—Can you discern, Sir?

Doctor. Methinks I see a kind of glorious cloud drawn up—and now, 'tis gone again.

Char. Saw you no figure?

Doctor. None.

Char.

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Char. Then make a short prayer to Alikin, the spirit of the East; shake off all earthly thoughts, and look again.

[*The Doctor prays; Charmante goes to the side of the stage, and takes from Scaramouch a transparent picture of a nymph, which he places in the mouth of the telescope.*

Doctor. Astonish'd! ravish'd with delight! I see a beauty, young and angel-like, leaning upon a cloud!

Char. Seems she on a bed? then she's reposing, and you must not gaze. [*Takes out the transparency.*

Doctor. Now a cloud veils her from me.

Char. She saw you peeping then, and drew the curtain of the air between.

Doctor. I am all rapture, Sir, at this rare vision! Is't possible, Sir, that I may ever hope the conversation of so divine a beauty?

Char. Most possible, Sir; they will court you; their whole delight is to immortalize.

Doctor. But, Sir, I have a niece and daughter, whom I love equally; were it not possible they might be immortaliz'd?

Char. No doubt on't, Sir, if they be pure and chaste.

Doctor. I think they are, and I'll take care to keep 'em so—For I confess, Sir, I would fain have a hero to my grandson.

Char. You never saw the Emperor of the Moon, Sir? the mighty Iredonozar?

Doctor. Never, Sir; his court I have, but 'twas confusedly too.

Char. Refine your thoughts, Sir, by a moment's prayer, and try again.

[*He prays; Charmante puts into the telescope another transparency, with the Emperor on it; he looks in, and sees it.*

Doctor. It is too much, too much for mortal eyes! I see a monarch seated on a throne—but seems most sad and penfive.

Char.

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Char. Forbear then, Sir; for now his love-fit's on, and he would be private. [*Removes the picture.*]

Doctor. His love-fit, Sir?

Char. Ay, Sir; the Emperor's in love with some fair mortal.

Doctor. And can he not command her?

Char. Yes; but her quality being too mean, he struggles, tho' a king, 'twixt love and honour.

Doctor. It were too much to know the mortal, Sir?

Char. 'Tis yet unknown, Sir, to the Caballists, who now are using all their arts to find her, and serve his majesty. But now my great affairs deprive me of you: Tomorrow, Sir, I'll wait on you again; and, now I've tried your virtue, tell you wonders.

Doctor. I humbly kiss your hands, most learned Sir.

[*Charmante goes out. Doctor waits on him to the door, and returns.*]

Scar. So, so! don Charmante has played his part most exquisitely! I'll sound how it works on the old conjuror's pericranium.—Did you call, Sir?

Doctor. Scaramouch, I have, for thy singular wit and honesty, always had a tenderness for thee above that of a master to a servant.

Scar. I must confess it, Sir.

Doctor. Thou hast virtue and merit that deserves much.

Scar. Oh, dear Sir!

Doctor. And I may make thee great; all I require is, that thou wilt double thy diligent care of my daughter and my niece; for there are mighty things design'd for them, if we can keep 'em from the sight of man.

Scar. The sight of man, Sir?

Doctor. Ay, and the very thoughts of man.

Scar. What antidote is there to be given to a young wench, against the disease of love and longing?

C

Doctor.

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Doctor. Do you your part; and, because I know thee discreet and very secret, I will hereafter discover wonders to thee. On pain of life, look to the girls; that's your charge.

Scar. Doubt me not, Sir: And I hope your reverence will reward my faithful service with Mopsophil——

Har. [*who has from his entrance been obscured in the hedges*]. Oh, traitor!

Scar. Your daughter's governante, who has long had my affection, Sir.

[*Air from the Capricious Lovers.*]

And never shall I once complain,
That toil awaits her chearful swain;
Since labour oft a sweet bestows
Which lazy splendor never knows.

Hence springs the purple tide of health,
The rich man's wish, the poor man's wealth,
And spreads those blushes o'er the face
Which come and go with native grace.

The pride of dress, the pomp of show,
Are trappings oft to cover woe;
But we, whose wishes ne'er will roam,
Shall taste of real joys at home.

Doctor. Set not thy heart on transitory mortal joys; there's better things in store: Besides, I have promis'd her to a farmer for his son. Come in with me, and bring the telescope. [*Exeunt Doctor and Scaramouch.*]

Har. [*coming forward.*] My mistress Mopsophil to marry a farmer's son!

What, am I then forsaken? abandon'd by the false fair one?

If I have honour, I must die with rage,
Reproaching gently, and complaining madly!

It

It is resolv'd: I'll hang myself!—No; when did I ever hear of a hero that hang'd himself? No; 'tis the death of rogues. What if I drown myself? No; uselefs dogs and puppies are drown'd: A pistol, or a caper on my own sword, would look more nobly, but that I have a natural aversion to pain; besides, it is as vulgar as ratsbane, or the slicing of the weafand. No; I'll die a death uncommon, and leave behind me an eternal fame: I have somewhere read, in an author either antient or modern, of a man that laugh'd to death. I am very ticklish, and am resolv'd to die that death.—Oh, Mopsophil, my cruel Mopsophil! And now, farewell the world, fond love, and mortal cares!

[He falls to tickle himself, his head, his ears, his arm-pits, hands, sides, and soles of his feet; making ridiculous cries and noises of laughing several ways, with antick leaps and skips; at last, falls down as dead.]

Enter Scaramouch.

Scar. Harlequin was left in the garden; I'll tell him the news of Mopsophil. *[Going forward, tumbles over him.]* Ha, what's here? Harlequin dead!

[Heaving him up, he flies into a rage.]

Har. Who is't that thus would rob me of my honour?

Scar. Honour? why I thought th'hadst been dead.

Har. Why, so I was; and the most agreeably dead—

Scar. I came to bemoan with thee the mutual loss of our mistress.

Har. I know it, Sir, I know it! and that thou art as false as she! Was't not a covenant between us, that neither should take advantage of the other, but both should have fair play? And yet you basely went to undermine me, and ask her of the Doctor! But since she's gone, I scorn to quarrel for her; but let's, like loving brothers, hand in hand, leap from some precipice into the sea.

Scar. What, and spoil all my clothes? I thank you for that! No; I have a newer way: You know I lodge four pair of stairs high; let's ascend thither, and, after saying our prayers——

Har. Prayers? I never heard of a dying hero that ever pray'd.

Scar. Well, I'll not stand with you for a trifle.—Being come up, I'll open the casement, take you by the heels, and fling you out into the street; after which, you have no more to do, but to come up and throw me down in my turn.

Har. The atchievement's great, and new; but, now I think on't, I'm resolv'd to hear my sentence from the mouth of the perfidious trollop; for yet I cannot credit it.

I'll to the gipsy, tho' I venture banging,
To be undeceiv'd; 'tis hardly worth the hanging.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a chamber.

Charmante and Bellemante discovered sitting.

Bell. Well, your scheme pleases me prodigiously; as, indeed, would any other that gave hopes of our releasement from this bondage; for here are my cousin and myself mew'd up, to be married to the Moon knows who; and no person suffered to come near us but our governante, and our gaoler Scaramouch.

Char. He, however, has some conscience and commiseration, tho' your uncle has none.

Bell. For which, thanks to your golden key; for 'tis that which opens the door.

Char. But to your generosity in admitting our visits, ten thousand thousand thanks!

Bell. Softly, softly! there's needs none; I'll tell you why.

[*Air,*

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[*Air, Dr. Arnold.*]

If 'tis joy to wound a lover,
How much more to give him ease!
When his passion we discover,
Oh, how pleasing 'tis to please!
The bliss returns, and we receive
Transports greater than we give.

Enter Scaramouch hastily.

Scar. Oh, madam, hide your lover, or we're undone!

Doctor [*within*]. Bellemante! niece! Bellemante!

Scar. She's coming, Sir.—Here, here, Sir; you
may escape this way. [*Exit Charmante.*]

Enter Doctor.

Doctor. Oh, niece! ill luck, ill luck! I must leave
you to-night; my brother the advocate is sick, and
has sent for me; 'tis three long leagues, and, dark as
'tis, I must go. They say he is dying.—Here, go
into my study, and look over my papers, and bring
me all those mark'd with a cross and figure of three;
they concern my brother and I.—Come, Scaramouch,
and get me ready for my journey; and, on your life,
let not a door be open'd till my return. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

SCENE, a Gothic chamber.

*Enter Elaria, Bellemante, Cinthio, Charmante, Mop-
sophil, Scaramouch, and Harlequin.*

Bellemante.

COME, now we have an opportunity to know
the comforts of society, let us not waste a single
moment.

Elaria.

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COME, now we have an opportunity to know the comforts of society, let us not waste a single moment.

Elaria.

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Elaria. Right, right. Come, take partners, and let us have a dance.

Char. Methinks the time had better be employed in discoursing upon love.

Bell. Oh, we shall have time enough for that hereafter; besides, you may make love in dancing as well as in sitting: You may gaze, sigh, and press the hand, and now and then receive a kiss; what would you more?

Elaria. Or let us have a song.

All. Agreed, agreed.

Elaria [*Air from the Capricious Lovers*].

From flow'r to flow'r the butterfly,
O'er fields or gardens ranging,
Sips sweets from each, and flutters by,
And all his life is changing.

Thus roving man new objects sway,
By various charms delighted,
While she who pleases most to-day
Tomorrow shall be slighted.

Cin. Hark! what noise is that? Sure 'tis in the next room.

Doctor [*within*]. Scaramouch! Scaramouch!

[*Scaramouch runs to the door, and holds it fast.*]

Scar. Ha! the devil in the likeness of my old master's voice! for it is impossible it should be he himself.

Char. If it be he, how got he in? Did you not secure the doors?

Elaria. He always has a key to open 'em. Oh, what shall we do? there's no escaping him: He's in the next room, thro' which you are to pass.

Doctor. Scaramouch! knave! where are you?

Scar. 'Tis he, 'tis he! Follow me, all!

[*He goes with all the company behind the front curtain.*]

Doctor.

Doctor. I tell you, sirrah, I heard singing.

Peter [within]. No, surely, Sir; 'twas a mistake.

[*Scaramouch having placed them all in the hangings, in which they make the figures, and stand without motion in postures, he comes out.*]

Enter Doctor.

Scar. Bless me, Sir! is it you, or your ghost?

Doctor. 'Twere good for you, Sir, if I were a thing of air; but as I am a substantial mortal, I will lay it on as substantially.

Scar. What d'ye mean, Sir? what d'ye mean?

Doctor. Sirrah, must I stand waiting your leisure, while you are roguing here? I will reward ye. And, thou false varlet, there's another debt I owe thee, for bringing me so damnable a lie! My brother is well: I met his valet but a league from town, and found out thy roguery. [Beats him.

Scar. Is this the reward I have for being so diligent since you went?

Doctor. In what, thou villain? in what?

[*The curtain is drawn up, and discovers the hangings where all of them stand.*]

Scar. Why, look you, Sir; I have, to surprize you with pleasure, against you came home, been putting up this piece of tapestry, the best in Italy, for the rareness of the figures, Sir.

Doctor. Ha! hum!—It is indeed a stately piece of work. How came I by it?

Scar. 'Twass sent your reverence from the virtuoso, or some of the Caballists.

Doctor. I must confess, the workmanship is excellent. Prithee what story is this?

[*Looks on the hangings; when he advances, Harlequin strikes him on the head; he starts.*]

Scar. Sir!

Doctor.

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Doctor. What was that struck me ?

Scar. Struck you, Sir ? Imagination.

Doctor. Can my imagination feel, firrah ?

Scar. Oh, the most tenderly of any part about one, Sir.

Doctor. Hum ! that may be.—I like the figures well.

Scar. The more you see of them, the better you will like them, Sir.

[Harlequin hits him again. The Doctor sees him.]

Doctor. Ha ! is that imagination too ?—Betray'd, betray'd, undone ! Run for my pistols ! call up my servants ! A plot upon my daughter and my niece ! Stephen ! Peter ! *[Exit.]*

Scar. Here, here ! *[They come from the hangings.]* You may all escape now ; fear nothing. The Doctor will certainly return soon ; but no matter for that. Away all ! depart to your lodgings.

Cinthio. And leave you to bear the brunt ?

Scar. Take you no care for that : I'll put it into my bill of charges, and be paid all together. *[Exeunt.]*

Re-enter Doctor, with a pistol.

Doctor. Slaves ! villains ! traitors !—Ha ! what, gone ?—Here, Peter ! Stephen !—They cannot get out of the house.—Peter ! Stephen ! where are ye, villains ?

Enter Scaramouch, as from bed.

Scar. Bless me ! what's here ?

Doctor. Ha ! who art thou ?

Scar. I ? who the devil are you, an you go to that ?—Mercy on us ! Why, what, is't you, Sir, return'd so soon ?

Doctor *[looking sometimes on him, sometimes about].* Return'd ?

Scar. Ay, Sir ; did you not go out of town last night, to your brother the advocate ?

Doctor.

Doctor. Thou villain ! thou question'st me, as if thou knew'st not that I was return'd.

Scar. I know, Sir ! how should I know ? I'm sure I am but just awaked from the sweetest dream——

Doctor. You dream still, firrah ; but I shall wake your roguishness !—Were you not here but now, shewing me a piece of tapestry, you villain ?

Scar. Tapestry ! [*Mosophil listening all the while.*]

Doctor. Yes, rogue, yes ; for which I'll have thy life.
[*Presenting a pistol.*]

Scar. Are you stark mad, Sir ? or do I dream still ?

Doctor. Tell me, and tell me quickly, rogue, who were those traitors that were hid but now in the disguise of a piece of hangings. [*Holds the pistol to his breast.*]

Scar. Bless me ! you amaze me, Sir. What conformity has every word you say, to my rare dream ! Pray let me feel you, Sir ; are you human ?

Doctor. You shall feel I am, firrah, if you confesse not.

Scar. Confesse, Sir ? what shall I confesse ? I understand not your Caballistical language ; but, in mine, I confesse that you wak'd me from the rarest dream——where methought the Emperor of the Moon-World was in our house, dancing and revelling ; and methought his Grace was fallen desperately in love with Mrs. Elaria ; and that his brother, the prince, Sir, of Thunderland, was also in love with Mrs. Bellemante ; and methought they descended to court 'em in your absence ; and that at last you surpriz'd 'em, and that they transform'd themselves into a suit of hangings to deceive you ; but at last, methought, you grew angry at something, and they all fled to Heaven again : And after a deal of thunder and lightning, I wak'd, Sir, and hearing human voices here, came to see what the matter was.

[*During this speech, the Doctor lessens his signs of rage by degrees, and at last stands in deep contemplation.*]

D

Doctor.

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Doctor. May I credit this?

Scar. Credit it? By all the honour of your house, by my unseparable veneration for the mathematics, 'tis true, Sir!

Doctor. That famous Rosycrusian, who yesterday visited me, told me the Emperor of the Moon was in love with a fair mortal: This dream is inspiration in this fellow; he must have wondrous virtue in him, to be worthy of these divine intelligences.—But if that mortal should be Elaria! But no more; I dare not yet suppose it.—Perhaps the thing was real, and no dream, for oftentimes the grosser part is hurried away in sleep by the force of imagination, and is wonderfully agitated: This fellow might be present in his sleep; of this we've frequent instances. I'll to my daughter and my niece, and hear what knowledge they may have of this.

Mops. Will you so? I'll secure you; the frolick shall go round. *[Aside, and exit.]*

Doctor. Scaramouch, if you have not deceiv'd me in this matter, time will convince me further; if it rest here, I shall believe you false.

Scar. Good Sir, suspend your judgment and your anger till then.

Doctor. I'll do't. Go back to bed. *[Exit.]*

Scar. No, Sir; 'tis morning now, and I'm up for all day.—This madness is a pretty sort of pleasant disease, when it tickles but in one vein: Why, here's my master now, as great a scholar, as grave and wise a man, in all argument and discourse, as can be met with; yet name but the Moon, and he runs into ridicule, and grows as mad as the wind.

Well, Doctor, if thou canst be madder yet,
We'll find a medicine that shall cure your fit. *[Exit.]*

SCENE,

THE EMPEROR OF THE MOON. 19

SCENE, the garden.

Enter Scaramouch, with a ladder.

Scar. Though I am come off *en cavalier* with my master, I am not with my mistress, whom I promised to console this night, and 'tis but just I should make good this morning. 'Twill be rude to surprize her sleeping, and more gallant to wake her with a serenade at her window. [*Sets the ladder to her window.*]

S O N G.

Young Roger came tapping at Dolly's window,
Tumpaty, tumpaty, tump;
He begg'd for admittance, she answer'd him, no,
Grumpaty, grumpaty, grump.
My Dolly, my dear,
Your true love is here,
Dumpaty, dumpaty, dump.
No, no, Roger, no;
As you came you may go,
Lumpaty, lumpaty, lump.

Oh, what is the reason, dear Dolly, he cried,
Pumpaty, &c.
That thus I am cast off, and unkindly denied?
Frumpaty, &c.
Some rival more dear
I guess has been here!
Crumpaty, &c.
Suppose there's been two,
Sir, pray what's that to you?
Bumpaty, &c.

Oh, then with a sigh, a sad farewell he took,
Glumpaty, &c.
And all in despair he leap'd into the brook:
Flumpaty, &c.

His courage it cool'd ;
 He found himself fool'd ;
 Numpaty, &c.
 He swam to the shore,
 And saw Dolly no more,
 Rumpaty, &c.

Oh, then she recall'd, and recall'd him again,
 Trumpaty, &c.
 Whilst he like a madman ran over the plain,
 Stumpaty, &c.
 Determin'd to find
 A damsel more kind,
 Plumpaty, &c.
 While Dolly's afraid
 She must die an old maid,
 Mumpaty, &c.

Enter Mopsophil, above.

Mopf. What woful ditty-making mortal's this,
 That, ere the lark her early note has sung,
 Does doleful love beneath my casement thrum ?
 —Ah, Scaramouch, is it you ?

Scar. Who should it be that takes such pains to sue ?

Mopf. That takes such pains to plague, you mean.

Duet (from the Shepherd's Lottery).

Scar. Oh, say, must I sigh and pine, my love,
 Oh, say, must I sigh and pine ?

 You're cruel, I swear,
 As a tiger or bear,

 If you don't to my wish incline, my love,
 If you don't to my wish incline.

Mopf. So much I delight in thee, my dear,
 So much I delight in thee,

 Thou may'st sigh, pine, and moan,
 Or may'st let it alone ;

 'Tis all the same to me, my dear,

 'Tis all the same to me.

Scar.

Scar. But say, should I break my heart, my love,
But say, should I break my heart,
Would you not be dismay'd
My life to've betray'd
With Cupid's keenest dart, my love,
With Cupid's keenest dart?

Mops. I should not be much dismay'd, my dear,
I should not be much dismay'd:
If you think that I lie,
You had better go try;
I am not much afraid, my dear,
I am not much afraid.

Scar. Alas, is there nothing will do, my love,
Alas, is there nothing will do?
My heart I will break——
No, I'll live for your sake;
And I'll try to conquer you, my love,
And I'll try to conquer you.

Mops. Thou art indeed a lover most true blue.

[Scar. converses apart with her.]

Enter Harlequin in woman's clothes.

Har. If I can now but get admittance, I shall not only deliver the young ladies their letters from their lovers, but get some opportunity, in this disguise, to slip this billet-doux into Mopsophil's hand, and bob my comrade Scaramouch.—Ha! what do I see? my mistress at the window, courting my rival? Oh, gipsy!

Scar. But we lose precious time, since you design me a kind hour in your chamber.

Har. Oh, traitor!

Mops. You'll be sure to keep it from Harlequin?

Scar. Harlequin? hang him, shotten herring!

Har. Ay, a cully, a noddy.

Mops. A mere zany.

Har.

Har. Oh, hard-hearted Turk!

Mopf. Fit for nothing but a cuckold.

Har. Monster of ingratitude! How shall I be reveng'd?
—Hold, hold, thou perjur'd traitor.

[Gries out in a woman's voice.]

Mopf. Ha! discover'd? a woman in the garden?

Har. Come down, come down, thou false perfidious wretch!

Scar. Who in the devil's name, art thou? and to whom dost thou speak?

Har. To thee, thou false deceiver, that hast broke thy vows, thy lawful vows of wedlock. Oh, oh, that I should live to see the day!
[Crying.]

Scar. Who mean you, woman?

Har. Whom should I mean but thou, my lawful spouse?

Mopf. Oh, villain! lawful spouse? Let me come to her.
[Mopsophil descends.]

Scar. The woman's mad. Hark you, jade, how long have you been thus distracted?

Har. E'er since I lov'd and trusted thee, false varlet. See here, the witness of my love and shame.

[Points to his belly.]

Mopf. How! with child? Out, villain, was I made a property?

Scar. Hear me!

Har. Oh, thou heathen Christian! was not one woman enough?

Mopf. Ay, firrah, answer to that.

Scar. I shall be sacrific'd.

Mopf. I am resolv'd to marry tomorrow—either to the apothecary or the farmer, men I never saw, to be reveng'd on thee, thou termagant infidel!

Enter the Doctor.

Doctor. What noise, what out-cry, what tumult's this?

Har.

Har. Ha! the Doctor?—What shall I do?

[Gets to the door; Scaramouch pulls him in.

Doctor. A woman! some bawd, I'm sure.—Woman, what's your business here? ha?

Har. I came, an't like your signiorship, to madam the governante here, to serve her in the quality of a *filie de chambre* to the young ladies.

Doctor. A *filie de chambre*? 'tis so; a she-pimp!

Har. Ah, signior!

[Makes his little dapper leg, instead of a curtsy.

Doctor. How now? what, do you mock me?

Har. Oh, signior! [Gets nearer the door.

Mops. Stay, stay, mistress! And what service are you able to do the signior's daughters?

Har. Is this signior Doctor Baliardo, madam?

Mops. Yes.

Har. Oh! he's a very handsome gentleman, indeed.

Doctor. Ay, ay; what service can you do, mistress?

Har. Why, signior, I can tie a cravat the best of any in Naples; and I can comb a periwig; and I can—

Doctor. Very proper service for young ladies; you, I believe, have been a *filie de chambre* to some young cavaliers.

Har. Most true, signior: Why should not the cavaliers keep *filles de chambre*, as well as great ladies *valets de chambre*?

Doctor. Indeed, 'tis equally reasonable.—It is a bawd; I see it plain. [Aside.]—But have you never serv'd ladies?

Har. Oh, yes; great ladies: I serv'd a parson's wife.

Doctor. Is that a great lady?

Har. Ay, surely, Sir; what is she else? for she wore her mantuas of gold brocade, petticoats with furbeloes innumerable, and had pride—oh, la!—and she painted, and perfumed, and wore such a head-dress—why, it vied in height with the steeple of her husband's church.

Mops.

Mops. But have you never serv'd countesses, and duchesses?

Har. Oh, yes, madam; the last I serv'd was an alderman's wife in the city.

Mops. Was that a countess or a duchess?

Har. Ay, certainly—for they have all the money; and then for clothes, jewels, and rich furniture, and eating, they out-do the very vice-reine herself.

Doctor. This is some base impostor!—Search if she have any letters, Scaramouch; and then conduct her to the pump.

Har. Ah, signior Scaramouch!

Scar. Is it thee, rogue? I'll now make thee remember——

Har. I have letters for thy mistresses: And besides, consider, 'tis but trick for your trick, signior Scaramouch; and you may spare the pumping.

Scar. For once, firrah, I'll bring you off, and deliver your letters.—Sir, do you not know who this is? Why, 'tis a rival of mine, who put on this disguise to cheat me of my mistress Mopsophil.

Doctor. What is he?

Scar. A mungrel dancing-master; therefore, Sir, since all the injury's mine, I'll pardon him for a dance, and let the agility of his heels save his bones, with your permission, Sir.

Doctor. With all my heart, and am glad he comes off so comically. [Harlequin dances.

[A knocking at the gate. Scaramouch goes to the door.

Scar. Sir, Sir! here's the rare philosopher who was here yesterday.

Doctor. Give him entrance, and all depart. [Exeunt.

Manet Doctor. Enter Charmante.

Char. Bless'd be those stars that first conducted me to so much worth and virtue! You are their darling,
Sir,

Sir, for whom they wear their brightest lustre. Your fortune is establish'd, you are made, Sir.

Doctor. Let me contain my joy!—May I be worthy, Sir, to apprehend you?

Char. After long searching, Sir, it is discovered, you are the happy fire of that bright nymph, who has infascinated, charm'd, and conquer'd, the mighty Emperor Iredonozar, monarch of the Moon.

Doctor. I am undone with joy! ruin'd with transport!
[*Aside.*—Can it—can it, Sir, be possible?

Char. This very night, by their great art, they find he will descend, and shew himself in glory.

[*Air from the Opera of Polly.*]

As sits the sad turtle alone on the spray;

His heart sorely beating,

Sad murmur repeating,

Indulging his grief for his consort astray;

For force or death only could keep her away.

Now he thinks of the fowler, and every snare;

If guns have not slain her,

The net must detain her:

Thus she dwells in his thoughts ev'ry moment with fear,

'Till thron'd by his side the bright damsel appear.

Doctor. And will his Grace be here in person, Sir?

Char. In person: And with him, a man of mighty quality, Sir, the prince of Thunderland.

Doctor. Miraculous! how this agrees with all I've seen and heard.

Char. Some of the Caballists are of opinion, that last night there was a sally from the Moon.

Doctor. About what hour, Sir?

Char. The meridian of the night, Sir; about the hour of twelve or one.

Doctor. This I believe, Sir.

Char. Why, Sir?

E

Doctor.

Doctor. May I communicate a secret of that nature?

Char. To any of the Caballists, but none else.

Doctor. Then know—last night, my daughter and my niece were entertain'd by those illustrious heroes.

Char. Who, Sir? the Emperor, and the prince his cousin?

Doctor. Most certain, Sir. But whether they appear'd in solid bodies, or fantomical, is yet a question; for, at my unlucky approach, they all transform'd themselves into a piece of hangings.

Char. 'Tis frequent, Sir; their shapes are numerous. But I must haste: This night prepare your daughter and your niece.

Doctor. I shall, Sir.

Char. Be modest, Sir, and humble in your elevation; for nothing shews the wit so poor, as wonder, nor birth so mean, as pride.

Doctor. I humbly thank your admonition, Sir; and shall, in all I can, struggle with human frailty. [*Exe.*

A C T III.

Scene, the street, with the town-gate, where an officer stands with a staff, like a London constable.

Harlequin, in a calash, and dress'd like a gentleman, comes through the gate; the officer lays hold of his horse.

Officer.

HOLD, hold, Sir! you I suppose know the customs that are due to this city of Naples, from all persons that pass the gates in coach, chariot, calash, or *siege volant*.

Har. I am not ignorant of the customs, Sir; but what's that to me?

Officer.

Officer. Not to you, Sir! why, what privilege have you above the rest?

Har. Privilege? for what, Sir?

Officer. Why, for passing, Sir, with any of the before-named carriages.

Har. Art mad? Dost not see I am a plain baker, and this my cart, that comes to carry bread for the viceroy's and the city's use? ha?

Officer. Are you mad, Sir, to think I cannot see a gentleman-farmer and a calash, from a baker and a cart?

Har. Drunk, by this day! and so early too! Oh, you're a special officer! Unhand my horse, sirrah, or you shall pay for all the damage you do me.

Officer. Heyday! here's a fine cheat upon the viceroy! Sir, pay me, or I'll seize your horse. [*Harlequin strikes him. They scuffle a little.*—Nay, an you be so brisk, I'll call the clerk from his office.—Mr. Clerk! Mr. Clerk!

[*Officer goes to the door; while gone, Harlequin's dress is changed, the back of the calash put down, and it appears a baker's cart.*

Enter Clerk.

Clerk. What's the matter here?

Officer. Here's a fellow, Sir, will persuade me, his calash is a cart, and refuses the customs for passing the gate.

Clerk. Where? where? I see only a carter and his cart. [*The Officer looks on him.*

Officer. Ha! what a devil, was I blind?

Har. Mr. Clerk, I am a baker, that came with bread to sell, and this foolish fellow has stopt me here so long that I shall lose the sale of my ware; and, being drunk, will out-face me I am a farmer, and this cart a calash.

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Clerk. He's in an error, friend ; pass on.

Har. No, Sir ; I'll have satisfaction first, or the vice-roy shall know how he's serv'd by drunken officers, that are a nuisance to a civil government.

Clerk. What do you demand, friend ?

Har. Demand ? I demand a crown, Sir.

Officer. This is very hard ! Mr. Clerk, if ever I saw in my life, I thought I saw a gentleman and a calash.

Clerk. Come, come, gratify him, and see better hereafter.

Officer. Here, Sir ; if I must, I must. [*Gives money.*

Clerk. Pass on, friend. [*Exit.*

[*Har. unseen, puts up the back of his calash, and whips off his frock, and goes to drive on. The Officer looks on him, and stops him again.*

Officer. Hum ! I'll swear it is a calash.—Mr. Clerk ! Mr. Clerk ! come back, come back !

[*Runs out to call him. Harlequin changes as before.*

Re-enter Officer and Clerk.

—Come, Sir ; let your own eyes convince you, Sir.

Clerk. Convince me ? of what, you sot ?

Officer. That this is a gentleman, and that a—Ha !

[*Looks about on Har.*

Clerk. Stark drunk ! Sirrah, if you trouble me at every mistake of yours thus, you shall quit your office.

Officer. I beg your pardon, Sir ; I am a little in drink, I confess ; a little blind and mad, Sir.—This must be the devil, that's certain !

[*The Clerk goes out. Har. puts up his calash again, and pulls off his frock and drives out.*

—Well, now, to my thinking, 'tis as plain a calash again as ever I saw in my life ; and yet I'm satisfied 'tis nothing but a cart. [*Exit.*

S C E N E

SCENE changes to the Doctor's house. The hall.

Enter Scaramouch in a sedan chair, which is set down and open'd on all sides, and on the top represents an apothecary's shop, the inside being painted with shelves and rows of pots and bottles; Scaramouch sitting in it, dress'd in black, with a short black cloke, a ruff, and little hat.

Scar. The devil's in't, if either the Doctor, my master, or Mopsophil, know me in this disguise; and thus I may gain my mistress, and out-wit Harlequin. Nor can the jade Mopsophil, in honour, refuse a person of my gravity, and so well set up. [*Pointing to his shop.*]—Hum! the Doctor here first: This is not so well; but I'm prepar'd with impudence for all encounters.

Enter the Doctor. Scaramouch salutes him gravely.

Scar. Most reverend Doctor Baliardo!

Doctor. Signior!

[*Bows.*]

Scar. I might, through great pusillanimity, blush to give you this anxiety, did not I opine you were as gracious as communicative and eminent; and though you have no cognisance of me, your humble servant, yet I have of you; you being so gravely fam'd for your admirable skill both in Galenical and Paracelsian phenomena's, and other approv'd felicities in vulnerary emetics, and purgative experiences.

Doctor. Signior, your opinion honours me.—Rare man this!

Scar. And though I am at present busied in writing—those few observations I have accumulated in my peregrinations, Sir; yet the ambition I aspir'd to, of being an ocular and aural witness of your singularity, made me trespass on your sublimer affairs—

Doctor. Signior—

Scar. Besides a violent inclination, Sir, of being initiated

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initiated into the denomination of your learned family, by the conjugal circumference of a matrimonial tie, with that singularly-accomplish'd person—madam, the governante of your hostel.

Doctor. Hum! a sweetheart for Mopsophil! [*Aside.*

Scar. And if I may obtain your condescension to my hymenæal propositions, I doubt not my operation with the fair one.

Doctor. Signior, she's much honour'd in the overture, and my abilities shall not be wanting to fix the concord. —But have you been a traveller, Sir?

Scar. Without circumlocutions, Sir, I have seen all the regions beneath the sun and Moon.

Doctor. Moon, Sir? You never travell'd thither, Sir?

Scar. Not in *propria persona*, signior; but, by speculation, I have; and made most considerable remarks on that incomparable *terra firma*, of which I have the completest map in Christendom.

Doctor. A map of the *lunar mundus*, Sir? May I crave the honour of seeing it?

Scar. You shall, Sir; together with a map of *Terra Incognita*; a great rarity, indeed, Sir.

Doctor. Jewels, Sir, worth a king's ransom! I protest you have fill'd me with curiosity.

Scar. Which, Sir, at a convenient period, shall be gratified. I will now only beg the honour of a word or two with the governante, before I go.

Doctor. Sir, she shall wait on you; and I shall be proud of the honour of your conversation. [*Exit.*

Enter to him Harlequin, dress'd like a farmer, as before.

Har. Hum! what have we here? a taylor, or a tumbler?

Scar. Ha! who's this? Hum! What if it should be the farmer that the Doctor has promis'd Mopsophil to! My heart misgives me. [*They look at each other a while.*] Who would you speak with, friend?

Har.

Har. This is, perhaps, my rival the apothecary.—
Speak with, Sir ? why, what's that to you ?

Scar. Have you affairs with signior Doctor, Sir ?

Har. It may be I have, it may be I have not. What then, Sir ?

While they seem in angry dispute, enter Mopsophil.

Mopf. Signior Doctor tells me I have a lover waits me; sure it must be the farmer or the apothecary : No matter which, so a lover, that welcomest man alive. I am resolv'd to take the first good offer, though but in revenge of Harlequin and Scaramouch, for putting tricks upon me.—Ha! two of 'em ?

Scar. My mistress here ?

[They both bow, and advance, putting each other by.]

Mopf. Hold, gentlemen ! do not worry me.—Which of you would speak with me ?

Both. I, I, I, madam !

Mopf. Both of you ?

Both. No, madam ; I, I !

Mopf. If both lovers, you are both welcome; but let's have fair play, and take your turns to speak.

Har. Signior ! 'tis most uncivil to interrupt me.

[Putting one another by.]

Scar. And disingenuous, Sir, to intrude on me.

Mopf. Let me then speak first.

Har. I'm dumb.

Scar. I acquiesce.

Mopf. I was inform'd there was a person here had propositions of marriage to make me.

Har. That's I, that's I ! *[Shoves Scar. away.]*

Scar. And I attend to that consequential *finis*.

[Shoves Har. away.]

Har. I know not what you mean by your *finis*, signior; but I am come to offer myself this gentlewoman's servant, her lover, her husband, her dog in a halter, her any thing.

[Duet]

[Duet from King Arthur.]

Scar. Hither this way, this way bend;
Trust not that pretended friend,
Full of false delusive wiles,
Trait'rous arts, designing smiles:
Trust him not, for he'll deceive you,
And, when won, in mis'ry leave you.

Both. Hither this way, this way bend;
This way, this way bend.

Har. If you wed him, no ill thinking,
Down you fall, to ruin sinking.
He's the fiend who would deceive you,
Gain your riches, and then leave you.

Both. Hither this way, this way bend;
This way, this way bend.

Scar. Trust not that pretended friend.

Har. Trust me, I'm your real friend.

Both. Hither this way, &c.

Scar. Him I pronounce a poltroon, and an ignominious utensil, that dares lay claim to the renowned lady of my *primum mobile*; that is, my best affections. [*In rage.*]

Har. I fear not your hard words, Sir; but dare aloud pronounce, if donna Mopsophil likes me, the farmer, as well as I like her, 'tis a match; and my chariot's ready at the gate to bear her off, d'ye see?

Mopf. Ah, how that chariot pleads! [*Aside.*]

Scar. And I pronounce, that, being intoxicated with the sweet eyes of this refulgent lady, I come to tender her my noblest particulars, being already most advantageously set up with the circumstantial implements of my occupation. [*Points to the shop.*]

Mopf. A city apothecary? a most genteel calling! Which shall I chuse?—Signior Apothecary, I'll not expostulate the circumstantial reasons that have occasion'd me this honour.

Scar.

Scar. Incomparable lady! the elegancy of your repartees most excellently denotes the profundity of your capacity.

Har. What the devil's all this?—Good Mr. Conjurer, stand by, and don't fright the gentlewoman with your elegant profundities. *[Puts him by.]*

Scar. How! a conjurer?—I will chastise thy vulgar ignorance, that ycleps a philosopher a conjurer.

Har. Lofsaphers!—Prithee, if thou be'st a man, speak like a man.

Scar. Why, what do I speak like? what do I speak like?

Har. What do you speak like? why, you speak like a wheelbarrow.

Scar. How!

Har. And how! *[They come up close together; stare on each other for a while, and then bow civilly.]*

Mops. That's well, gentlemen; let's have all peace, while I survey you both, and see which likes me best. *[She goes between 'em, and surveys 'em both; they making ridiculous bows and grimaces the while.]*

—Ha! now, on my conscience, my two foolish lovers, Harlequin and Scaramouch! How are my hopes defeated! but, faith, I'll fit you both. *[She views 'em both.]*

Scar. So; she's considering still: I shall be the happy dog. *[Aside.]*

Har. She's taking aim; she cannot chuse but like me best. *[Aside.]*

Scar. Well, madam, how does my person propagate? *[Bowing.]*

Mops. Faith, signior, now I look better on you, I do not like your phisnomy so well as your intellects; you discovering some circumstantial symptoms that ever denote a villainous inconstancy.

Scar. Ah, you are pleas'd, madam—

Mops. You are mistaken, signior; I am displeas'd!

F

And

And I would sooner wed that scoundrel Scaramouch, that mere pair of chymical bellows that blow the Doctor's projecting fires, that very Guzman of Salamanca, than a fellow of your infallible *signum malis*.

Har. Ha, ha, ha! you have your answer, signior Friskin; and may shut up your shop and be gone. Ha, ha, ha!

Scar. Hum! sure the jade knows me. [*Aside.*

Mops. And as for you, signior—

Har. Ah, madam! [*Bowing.*

Mops. Those lanthorn jaws of yours, with that most villainous sneer and grin, and your notorious whey-beard, are certain signs of knavery and cowardice; therefore, I'd rather wed that spider Harlequin, that skeleton buffoon, that ape of man, that Jack of Lent, that very top (that's of no use, but when 'tis whipp'd and lash'd), that piteous property, I'd rather wed than thee.

Har. A very fair declaration.

Mops. You understand me: And so, adieu, sweet Clifter-pipe, and signior Dirty-boots! Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

[*They stare on each other a while.*

Scar. That I should not know that rogue Harlequin!

Har. That I should take this fool for a physician!

—How long have you commenc'd apothecary, signior?

Scar. Ever since you turn'd farmer.—Are not you a horrid rogue—

Har. Faith, to say the truth, there's not a pin to chuse; and if there was, 'tis no time now to dispute the point: Our attendance is necessary, to assist in deceiving the Doctor, and rendering the young folks happy.

Scar. True; and then, monsieur Harlequin, for the decision of our own fate. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

SCENE, a magnificent gallery.

*Enter Doctor, Elaria, Bellemante, and Mopsophil;
soft music is heard.*

Bell. Ha! Heavens! what's here? what palace is this?—no part of our house, I'm sure.

Elaria. 'Tis rather the apartment of some monarch.

Doctor. I'm all amazement too; but must not shew my ignorance.—Yes, Elaria; this is prepar'd to entertain the princes.

Bell. Are you sure on't, Sir? Are we not, think you, in that world above, I have often heard you speak of? in the Moon, Sir?

Doctor. How shall I resolve her? for aught I know, we are. *[Aside.]*

Elaria. Sure, Sir, 'tis some enchantment.

Doctor. Let not thy female ignorance profane the highest mysteries of natural philosophy: To fools it seems enchantment; but I've a sense can reach it. Sit, and expect the event.—Hark!—I am amaz'd, but must conceal my wonder (that joy of fools), and appear wise in gravity.

Bell. Whence comes this charming sound, Sir?

Doctor. From the spheres; it is familiar to me.

SCENE changes to a view of the hill of Parnassus.

Keplair and Galileus are seen to descend in chariots.

Doctor. Methought I saw the figures of two men alight on yonder hill.

Elaria. I thought so too; but they are disappear'd, and the wing'd chariots fled.

Enter Keplair and Galileus.

Bell. See, Sir, they approach.

[The Doctor rises and bows.]

Kep. Most reverend Sir, we, from the upper world, thus low salute you. Keplair and Galileus we are

call'd, sent as interpreters to great Iredonozar, Emperor of the Moon, who is descending.

Doctor. Most reverend bards! profound philosophers! thus low I bow to pay my humble gratitude.

Kep. The Emperor, Sir, salutes you, and your fair daughter.

Gal. And, Sir, the prince of Thunderland salutes you, and your fair niece.

Doctor. Most humbly do I thank their royal goodness.

Bell. Came you, most reverend bards, from the Moon-World?

Kep. Most lovely maid, we did.

Doctor. May I presume to ask the manner how?

Kep. By cloud, Sir, through the regions of the air, down to the fam'd Parnassus; thence by water, along the river Helicon, the rest by post upon two wing'd eagles.—But now, good Sir, look up, and see the orbal world descending; observe the zodiack, Sir, with her twelve signs. [*The zodiack appears behind; the twelve signs are seen in transparency.*] See how she turns, and sends her signs to earth:—Behold the ram, Aries; see, Taurus next descends; then Gemini (see how the boys embrace); next, Cancer; Leo; then the Virgin; next to her, Libra; Scorpio; Sagittar; Capricorn; Aquarius; Pisces.—These eight thousand years, no Emperor has descended, but *incognito*; but, when he does, to make his journey more magnificent, the zodiack, Sir, attends him.

Doctor. 'Tis all amazing, Sir!

Kep. Now, Sir, behold, the globick world descends two thousand leagues below its wonted station, to shew obedience to its proper monarch.

[*The globe of the Moon appears (immediately on which, Keplair and Galileus begin the following duet) first like a new Moon; as it moves forward, it encreases, till it comes to the full.*

[*Duet*

[*Duet and Chorus from Britannia.*]

He comes, he comes, the Emp'ror comes!
Hark, hark, his trumpets! list, list, his drums!
Now sounds the musick of the spheres,
And Luna's monarch now appears.

Luna, Luna, Luna, Luna,
Luna's monarch now appears.

Prepare, prepare, the rites prepare!
Speak, speak, the tidings thro' all air!
From world to world the news be spread,
That Luna's monarch now will wed.

Luna, Luna, Luna, Luna,
Luna's monarch now will wed.

[*During the singing, Cinthio (as Emperor) and Charmante (as prince) come out of the Moon, advance to the front of the stage, and address Elaria and Bellemante. The Doctor kneels, and they make signs to Keplair.*]

Kepl. The Emperor would have you rise, Sir; he will expect no ceremony from the father of his mistress.

Doctor. I cannot, Sir, behold his Mightiness! the splendor of his majesty confounds me!

Kepl. You must be moderate, Sir; it is expected.

Doctor. Shall I not have the joy to hear their heavenly voices, Sir?

Kepl. They never speak to any subject, Sir, when they appear in royalty, but by interpreters, and that by way of Stentrathon, in manner of the Delphic oracles.

Doctor. Any way, so I may but hear their divine pleasure.

Kepl. No doubt you will.

[*The front scene draws off, and shews a temple, with an altar, one speaking through a Stentrathon from behind it. Soft music plays the while.*]

Kepl. Most learned Sir, the Emperor now is going
to

to declare himself, according to his custom, to his subjects. Listen.

Sten. Most rev'rend Sir, whose virtue did incite us,
Whose daughter's charms did more invite us,
We come to grace her with that honour,
That never mortal yet had done her;
Once only, Jove was known in story,
To visit Semele in glory:
But fatal 'twas he so enjoy'd her,
Her own ambitious flame destroy'd her;
His charms too fierce for flesh and blood,
She died embracing of her God.
We gentler marks of passion give:
The maid we love, shall love and live;
Whom visibly we thus will grace,
Above the rest of human race.
Say, is't your will that we should wed her,
And nightly in disguises bed her?

Doctor. The glory is too great for mortal wife!

Sten. What then remains, but that we consummate
This happy marriage in our splendid state?

Doctor. Thus low I kneel, in thanks for this great
blessing.

[*Cinthio takes Elaria by the hand; Charmante, Belle-
mante; they go to the altar, where a priest joins their
hands; during which are sung the following*

[*Air and Chorus from Alexander's Feast*].

Happy, happy, happy pair!

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserve the fair.

[*When they are come forward, two chariots descend; in
one is Harlequin, in the other, Scaramouch.*

Scar. Stay, mighty Emperor, and vouchsafe to be
The umpire of our difference. [*Cinthio signs to Keplair.*

Kepl.

Kep. What are you?

Scar. Two neighbouring princes to your vast domain.

Har. Knights of the sun, our honourable titles,
And fight for that fair mortal Mopsophil.

Mops. Bless us! my two precious lovers, I'll warrant:
Well, I had better take up with one of them, than lie
alone to-night.

Scar. Long, as two rivals, we have lov'd and hop'd,
Both equally endeavour'd, and both fail'd.
At last, by sage advice, we have agreed
To try our titles by the dint of lance,
And chose your Mightiness for arbitrator.

Kep. The Emperor gives consent.

[*They fight, to a martial tune. Scaramouch conquers.*]

Kep. [to *Scar.*] The Emperor pronounces you are victor.

Doctor. Receive your mistress, Sir, as the reward
Of your undoubted valour. [*Presents Mopsophil.*]

Scar. Your humble servant, Sir!

And Scaramouch returns you humble thanks.

Doctor. Ha! Scaramouch? My heart misgives me!
Oh, I am undone and cheated every way!

Kep. Be patient, Sir, and call up all your virtue:
You're only cur'd, good Sir, of a disease
That long has reign'd over your noble faculties.
Sir, we are your physicians and your friends,
Who have labour'd hard to make these ladies happy,
And draw you from an error that unman'd you.

Doctor. I will be patient, gentlemen, and hear you.
—Are not you Ferdinand?

Kep. I am; and these are gentlemen of quality,
That long have lov'd your daughter and your niece:
Don Cinthio this, and this is don Charmante;
(The viceroy's nephews both)
Who found, as men, 'twas impossible to gain 'em,
And therefore tried this stratagem.

Cinthio. Sir, I beseech you, mitigate your grief:

Altho'

Altho' indeed we are but mortal men,
Yet we shall love you, serve you, and obey you.

Doctor. Are not you then the Emperor of the Moon?
And you the prince of Thunderland?

Cinthio. There's no such persons, Sir:
These stories are the phantoms of mad brains.

Doctor. No Emperor of the Moon? and no Moon-
World?

Char. Ridiculous inventions!

Doctor. Burn all my books, and let my study blaze;
Burn all to ashes, and be sure the wind
Scatter the vile contagious monstrous lies!

—Most noble youths, you've honour'd me with your
alliance; and you, and all your friends, assistants in
this glorious miracle, I invite to-night to revel with
me. Come all, and see my happy recantation of all the
follies, fables have inspir'd till now. Be pleasant to
repeat your story, to tell me by what kind degrees you
cozen'd me.

I see there's nothing in philosophy—
Of all that writ, he was the wisest bard, who spoke
this mighty truth:

“He that knew all that ever learning writ,

“Knew only this, that he knew nothing yet.”

[*Air and Chorus from Comus.*]

Preach no more of Worlds i' th' Moon,

Ye drones who puzzle human sense;

Thank Luna for her nightly boon,

But not to knowledge make pretence.

Since short our span, we less can spare

On idle trifles to employ;

An hour's too much for useless care:

Then let us live, and life enjoy.

T H E E N D.